



Wolf In Sheep's Clothing



252 9 20

Chapter 1 by Sam I am

Beware beware... Be skeptical of the smiles. The smiles of plated gold. Deceit so natural but a wolf in sheep's clothing is more than a warning.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Still, a sheep in wolves' clothing definitely has some merits.

I cannot help but to question King Garon's good judgement when Morrigan inches through my castle's front door, heavy armor less at home on her as it would be on a newborn. She belongs in the gardens to plant and tend to flowers, her hands so soft and evidently unused. Is she simply new to her post? Experienced in the realm of skincare? My mind races as she draws closer to the throne.

I am not one to speak of inexperience. Princess Ardelle's first conference is today - that's me. I am to listen to Morrigan's message from our friends in the Rowena realm, take notes, and make peace with the issue, if need be. Father has entrusted me to this task while he rides to Staghorn on business.

In the week that he is gone, I will start a war, find myself "involved" with our little messenger, and commit murder. But I cannot do that. Morrigan kisses my ring and shakily introduces herself.

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Chapter 2 by JIM



"At ease," I say, "My bite is weak and my bark not much better." The king would hate to hear me joke this way because my words are less than an expression of infallible greatness, but I had long decided to reign with humility rather than hubris.

"Yes, your Highness," the woman said, her voice no less shaky, her eyes no less reluctant to meet mine.

"I hear you bring us word from Rowena. Out with it, then,"

"It is not good word," she says. "Queen Yelinia has fallen ill with the plague."

Though I had never been alive during plague years, I knew of its effects well enough. Thirty percent of the world's population had been lost to the last one. Most kingdoms were still struggling to recover--mine included--but none feared it rearing its head again so soon. Historically, a new plague occurs every 100-150 years, and it has only been thirty.

"Preposterous," I say. "We are still in the early years of the Time of Healing."

"Yet it has risen in my Queen. Am I to tell her that you consider her illness to be preposterous?"

"No, no, Queen Yelinia is a good friend of ours."

Morrigan seemed to relax at that. "What, then, will you have me do?"

Chapter 4 by m a r i e



"Take me."

She looked at me horrified, "T-t-take you?"

I looked at her, understanding what she thought of my request. "No, no, my Lady. Not like like. I am asking you to take me to your Queen."

She looked at me questioningly. "And what do you need to see my Queen for? I'll try ask."

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I glanced down at her. "Yes you are. I would like to have a conference with you. Queen. I might know of some things."

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Chapter 3 by CatLover



"Something to cure the plague!" She gasps.

I scrutinise Morrigan closely. "Yes, and you must not mention it to anyone."

"Oh, of course not Your Highness! I'd never dream of it!"

"Good. I understand you may be tired from the journey here, but if the plague symptoms have already started, your Queen doesn't have much more time. We must leave as soon as I am ready. Will you send word to the stable workers to prepare a strong horse up for the journey to Rowena?"

"Yes, Your Highness!"

"I'll meet you outside the front gate."

Morrigan curtsies and hurries away. I exhale heavily as soon as she is out of sight. My father would be proud of the calm demeanour I kept during that meeting, when inside I am shaking. But then again, he would be furious that I agreed to leave my duties as a Princess to go with Morrigan. Oh well.

The Witches taught me the remedy. The Witches of The Woods. I was born there, actually delivered there. My mother was a wanderer, and my father was on a hunting trip when they met. They fell in love immediately, but the soldiers of the palace, well, when they heard there was a wanderer in The Woods, they killed her. Shot her. Wanderers aren't liked in civilized villages. My dad had been visiting her in secret for a while, and she had me a couple of days before her death. My father, being the king, had to hide his feelings of her murder. He wanted to keep me, so he decided to take me in as an adopted daughter. I lived with The Witches for six years before he took me.

Now it's time to put their wisdom to good use. I leave the throne room and walk up the stairs to my bed chambers, thinking of suitable journeying clothes that would be fit for royals to wear.

Chapter 6 by Faith Savary



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We started our journey at high noon. Morrigan and I were walking down the path, and Morrigan wearing the same uneasy, meek face she had when she was a child. I had a strong suspicion that she did not do well around other people. She was a very shy person, and I was happy to run across every patch of stick and dirt that then teared at our bodies.

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We couldn't go on indefinitely. Our party sought refuge about twenty hours into the trip. They were exhausted beyond belief and no longer responsive to my cries to continue. The lack of sleep was fiddling around my brain like a hot iron, too, but I would never let them know that. Fortunately, the inn that we had stumbled upon was totally occupied, for reasons undisclosed by our innkeeper. We were too tired to argue. The best security measure I could manage was placing a few unlucky guards in front of myself and Morrigan's door - yes, door, for we shared a room. Why spread out the guards?

Something about this place was off. A woman in the next room - presumably the innkeeper's wife; after all, he was vacant - kept sobbing loudly and wildly, making even the most tired of us awake. At the very least, I rested easily knowing that the guards would remain diligent. The mystery further continued at the sounds of an irregular thunder in the distance. This was the dry season, and what business did the great booming claps of electricity have without the accompaniment of rain?

But even through the catastrophe of sound, I let my sense fall dull to sleep. I had much more pressing matters. Morrigan, too, practically willed herself to sleep, deciding halfway through to curl up in my arms. I made no attempt to cast her off.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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